

Wm A Fisher

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and which is destined, under God, to be the great life preserver of the West.

Poetry.

For the Christian Reflector.

Battle of Borodino.

Day broke upon the world that morn, so fair
As e'er it shone on Eden; and the flowers
With their sweet fragrance filled the summer air,
And warm sunbeams of melody and joy,
From nature's voice, melted on the ear.
O! who could look upon so fair a world,
And dream that such a scene meridian gained,
That battle clouds should cumber the sky?
And volleys thundering from the heated ranks,
By mortals forged, and on each other poured,
Should stain the very earth with horrid pools,
And show the flower fields with gory dews,
Down from half earth's kingdoms men were gathered there,
Thronging, imploring for the dreadful strife.

Unnumbered legions stand; and sword
Terrible glittering, and the deep muted gun
That sweeps down hundreds in its broad discharge,
The frantic war horse thundering o'er the ground,
Beating the fearless warrior to the field.
See there, the fearless leader in the van,
Five hundred thousand to the dreadful charge,
Where meet the opposing armies, rank to rank.
And now destruction hark its war begun;
The burning bomb-shell and the cannon's flash,
Like frequent meteors in the midnight sky,
Flame the columns of the sulphur smoke,
Light up the scene and guide the stroke of death.

Can this be earth? Or is this some new scene,
In the infernal world, where death and sin,
With fallen angels leagued, their empire hold,
And everlasting warfare wage with heaven?
Thus raged the bloody conflict, till the sun
With struggling beams sank in the darkened sky;
Then backward from the crimson field, retired
Surviving soldiers o'er the fallen dead.
Two hundred thousand mangled human forms
Were left there where the battle raged,
While greedy vultures in the twilight gloom
Flapped their dark wings and settled on their prey.
O, who can tell how many tender hearts
Break from that strife, how many children are wrong
From woman, widowed or made children there!

The dotting star and the plighted maid,
Lover and brother never more shall meet.
In many a cottage on the vine-clad hills,
Where mirth and labor cheered alternate hours;
In many a place of thy martial road,
Where wit and fashion met, with feast and song,
And each voluptuous, gay, or wretched France,
Bereft of comfort to poison every joy,
To fill with wailing every happy home,
And close its inmates with the woe of woe!

And such is war! which, spite of all its show,
In pompous chronicle, and splendid song,
And painted canvas, is but a popular way
Men have devised to blot another's life!
To break the happy home, to scatter all not kill.
A guilty, bloody, and foolish sport,
Hell has heard of! Devils are too wise
To fight themselves! They leave such things to men!

And thou, Napoleon! Borodino's day,
Jenny's and Lepaul's, make thy name a curse!
But what wert thou? A wholesale murderer,
Like most of the heroes praised by fools and flatterers;
As earthquake or tornado swept with life,
Endowed with thought, and able hence to guide
In path to dire divorce, and to leave
A huge multitude of dead behind!

E. T.

Shakespeare modernized.

To tell, or not to tell, that is the question—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, against the odds, stand up to them? To sign—no word—
No more—And, by that doing, well!
The best of us, our thousand natural shocks
The Landlord's heir to 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To step—no word—
Peace! perchance grow rich—no word! The rub;
For in the temperance house, fortune comes,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: There's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life.
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the good man's contumacy,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolent stroke of the cruel hand,
That waxes with the waste of time,
By his himself might his quietus make
By a haughty multitude of dead behind!

E. T.

The Family Circle.

Will there be flowers in Heaven?
—Where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
—N. H. H.

I sat alone in my school-room.
The little baby days had clustered
around me all day, had taken their dinner
baskets upon their arms and journeyed
off over the hills in the paths which led
to their several homes.

My desk was strewn over with withered
wild flowers. Some had been given me
as tokens of love from infantile hands,
and others were brought in by the botan-
ical class for analysis. In the recita-
tion of this class, I had dwelt for a longer
time than that I was wont, upon the
beauty of the vegetable world, and the
wisdom and goodness of its Creator.

I tread before them the beautifully
tinted carpet of the field, and showed
them its verdant bosoms crowned with
golden knobs, and its curious petals.
From another wild flower I drew the de-
licate and nicely notched calyx,
and explained its various uses, and asked if
man, with his boasted powers, had ever
planned or executed any thing one half
so lovely.

I turned over the pages of the sacred
volume, and read a description of the
riches of Solomon, and yet, I continued,
in all his glory, was not arrayed like
one of these. It is out of our power to
grow any thing as pretty as the little
flower which we tread under our feet at
almost every step. Should we not be
lovely? Should we not be lovely?

A breathless interest pervaded the little
group, and their voices were more sub-
dued than usual, when they came to wish
good night. After their last steps
had died away and the house became
empty, I opened a book and began to read.
Soon my attention was attracted by a quick
light, and a little girl of five summers
slid in beside me. Her little pale sweet
face was turned toward me, and her
sun-bonnet had fallen back, leaving the
dark curls to stray in rich profusion
around her face and neck.

"I thought, Frances had gone home,"
said I, as I lifted her to a seat beside me.
"Is she not afraid her mother will be
anxious about her?"

"I thought Miss B— would tell
more about God and the sweet pretty
flowers," said she, "and I have come back
to hear."

She had gathered a bunch of butter-
cups, and I took them and told her again
of their curious structure. I spoke to
her of that most beautiful of God's crea-
tion, the moss rose, and of the sensitive
mimosa, and said that God had placed
the magnolia upon our earth to make it
more beautiful—more like to heaven.

"She listened most earnestly. I spoke
to her of the stars—how they were worlds
peopled with living beings, and perhaps
decked with flowers as light as our own.

"She caught the idea with enthusiasm.
"Will there be flowers in heaven?" she
asked.

"There will be every thing which is
sweet and pleasant there," I replied;
"and if flowers can add any thing to the
beauty of the golden courts, we shall
surely find them there."

"O! said she, "I hope angels will wear
crowns of them. I shall love better to
look at them and hear them sing."

Moralist and Miscellaneous.

Thomas Babington Macaulay.

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My Sister.

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When young heart was blithe and free;
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And I, a child, was left to thee.

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